

The Times-Dispatch
Business Office... Times-Dispatch Building
South Richmond... 100 N. 10th Street
Petersburg Bureau... 100 N. 10th Street
Lynchburg Bureau... 201 Eighth Street

BY MAIL
Postage Paid Year. Mos. Mos. Mo.
Daily with Sunday... \$5.00 \$4.00 \$3.00
Daily without Sunday... 4.00 3.00 2.00
Sunday edition only... 2.00 1.00 .50
Weekly (Wednesday)... 1.00 .50 .25

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond and suburbs and Petersburg—
Daily with Sunday... 3 cents
Daily without Sunday... 2 cents
Sunday only... 1 cent

Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

MONDAY, JANUARY 27, 1913

YESTERDAY.
Yesterday was a very wonderful day. Usually yesterday is a theme for regrets or swift forgetfulness, and tomorrow the happy ship that will bring our argosy of dreams. But this yesterday, the 26th of January, was a day so full of beauty and pleasant living that in many a heart it will be real and present for long years. It was one of the rare days when life seems to declare a dividend of happiness. Most days are periods of labor and hopes and plans and tears, with perhaps a minute here and there of joy and satisfaction. They are so full of fearful cares and imagined worries and vain hurry-burry that we cannot rest beside the stream of flying minutes and quietly enjoy watching in its mirror surface the picture of our own existence. We are out of breath with chasing some will-o'-the-wisp of fame or fortune or love or service, and so lose sight of the fact that to-day is just as good a time to realize our earthly investment as another. But yesterday the very air was filled with the fragrance of many persons gathering in riches of true peace and contentment.

First of all, there has rarely been a more perfect day of peace and sunshine in the middle of winter. It was a miracle of blue and gold. The roofs and steeples of Richmond were bathed in Virginia sunlight until they made picture after picture against the serene sky. The hint of spring added mystery and glamour to the clear splendor of January. Thousands marveled at the hold color of the early flowering leaves on dill vines. Flowers to the winter-weary city are like flowers in the monotonous room of the long invalid. They bring to the heart some voiceless message of comfort and faith.

And then all day long people were so manifestly enjoying themselves. Everybody went to church, and, strangely enough, everybody liked the sermon, and afterward everybody walked home in a pleasant frame of mind. Girls with new dresses and suitcases of orchids knew they looked well, and forgot to affect beauty in this comforting knowledge. Old people sat on the front porch and gossiped with no thought of rheumatic twinges as punishment. Children rioted like sumptuous spendthrifts. Babies like star-dropped blossoms repleted with patient benevolence to the irksome endeavors of dull grown-ups to be amiable. Dogs wagged their tails. The blues were all in the heavens.

So much of city life seems fruitless of happiness that such a time should be memorable. There should be more days when we use all the vast machinery around us to some divine purpose. What is the use of building and building when we never come to residence in the castle of dreams? The best sight in Richmond yesterday was about fifty children and grown-ups trying to rescue a stranded toy sailboat from a shoal of mud in the Byrd Park lake. They were all playing. Playdays mean more to a community than workdays. That is why yesterday will be remembered.

A BROKEN TRADITION.
There is a tradition that it is folly for a man to write a book if he ever expects political preferment. "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" is an exclamation of Job that has long had immense political significance. The Boston Globe, in a recent article, demonstrated that the tradition has not held true in the case of two of the men who have become the chief magistrates of this nation.

When Theodore Roosevelt, author, came to the leadership of the Republican party through a woeful tragedy, his opponents warned the American people that he was only a literateur in a Rough Rider uniform.

Here was an adversary who had written a dozen books in which he had set down all the wise and foolish thoughts that had come into his head since his twenty-first year. The Democrats had but to read his books, select excerpts, put them in the Congressional Record, frank it to the American public, and they would do the rest. Let the public see what Mr. Roosevelt had said in his books about the Quakers and the Populists, the absurdity of the protective tariff, the utility of French law on the plains, the inferiority of the small trader to the cowboy, the Enavery and stupidity of two-thirds of his predecessors in the presidency, and the plain people would reject him overwhelmingly.

But when the votes were counted, it was evident that the pen was mightier than the sword, for the author of a dozen volumes had a huge plurality than any previous author candidate with a dozen or so years had received.

The Democrats profited by that example when they next put a candidate against Mr. Roosevelt. They wanted their party through for the Democrat who had written the most books, and named Woodrow Wilson for President.

At once from the Republican and the Progressive, rose the ancient chorus: "O, that mine adversary had written a book!"

Full sets of the works of Woodrow Wilson were immediately seized by the

opposition. "See," they said, "See what he wrote about Bryan! See what he wrote about the Maygays and the Mongolians!" Leaf after leaf was hurriedly torn out and transferred to the Congressional Record and slapped into the hands of the electorate everywhere. Mr. Roosevelt turned into the heterogeneous West Side of Chicago to rebuke his fellow author for what he had said in his books, and Mr. Taft abandoned Paramatta to attend the dedication of a Polish college in Pennsylvania and gild the gold of Kosciuszko's memory.

Meanwhile Mr. Wilson smilingly rang up on the register the royalties of old and new editions bought by new readers and went after the tariff and the trusts. When the returns rolled in, the scholar-author had carried some forty States. His popular majority was not as large as Mr. Roosevelt's in 1904, but, consider, he had not written as many books!

FOR EXECUTION, NOT AMPUTATION.
The Newport News Press is "surprised" to read the following paragraph in one of our recent utterances: "It is possible that in reforming the fee system there will be fixed a minimum fee limit, so that fee officers who are poorly paid need not divulge their compensation unless it reaches an unreasonable amount."

The Press "had thought that The Times-Dispatch favored the abolition of the system and the substitution of salaries for public officials. That is the only fair, just and equitable method of compensating public officials."

That has been our position from the beginning and is our position now. The Times-Dispatch realizes, however, that there are those who take a middle-ground position between the retention and the abolition of the fee system, and that they may muster enough strength in the General Assembly to prevent the poorly paid fee officers from coming under the operation of a straight salary system. From such a source would emanate the proposal to establish a maximum fee limit to govern the cases of the officials of lesser degree in fee compensation. The Times-Dispatch will continue to stand for the abolition of this monstrous system, but it would prefer a maximum fee limit to no remedial legislation at all. The destruction of the system may be a gradual process, in which several stages will have to be passed before the end desired is achieved. Reform may have to be the precursor of abolition, and it is to be hoped that immediate execution, and not amputation, will be ordered by the people.

THE GOVERNOR IN GREENS.
Governor Mann "scored a hit" in Greensboro last week when, as the chief speaker of the occasion, he addressed 250 young men from the two Carolinas at the banquet of the Interstate Y. M. C. A. Convention. The Greensboro Record declares that he "said many things which his hearers will remember" and "delivered a message bearing strength and encouragement to the young men." Further, "the distinguished Virginian is an unusually handsome old gentleman, and, if he is not an orator as some are judged, he was better in that he spoke ideas which found lodgment in the memory of his hearers and gave food for thought."

He declared that men should not avoid politics and that the temptations to do wrong therein are not so strong as some have thought. He characterized the man who lays the burden of government on his neighbor's shoulders as an undesirable citizen. Editorially, the Record praises the Governor as "a man of parts" and "a brainy gentleman" in a complimentary review of his record as to local option and State-wide prohibition. If Governor Mann had made one more speech, it is not too much to believe that the Greensboro papers and people would have nominated him for the next chief executive of North Carolina and promised him their unanimous support.

THE WIFE IS BOSS.
After immemorial discussion, the legal status of a mother-in-law in the home of her married son has been determined, as far as a decision by Mr. Justice Crane, of the New York Supreme Court, can determine it. If the mother is not self-supporting, and if the son cannot maintain two homes, then he can justifiably provide a place for her in his own home, but the court says:

"She can have no say whatever regarding the management and control of the home. This belongs to the wife, and if the husband's mother makes discord where there should be harmony, she interferes with the wife's control and management, even at the request of her son or by her own improper conduct and thoughtless language makes the home unpleasant and distressing to the wife, then the wife would be justified in leaving her husband and requiring support from him elsewhere."

The ratio decidendi is, then, that the wife is boss. The mother-in-law is inhibited from interfering with the housework in any of the hitherways in which one woman can make another woman uncomfortable. She must not comment critically or sarcastically upon the wife's cooking, the way she makes up the beds, the clothes she wears, the things she serves upon her table. She must not "look daggers" at the wife. For that would tend, to use the language of the decision, to "make the home unpleasant and distressing."

The court ruled that the wife possessed both a moral and a legal right to "share home and be supported" where by her husband until the mother-in-law reformed or removed herself.

SWAT NOW!
Among the other products of this wretched winter that is spring will be a large and premature crop of flies. This is a bumper unless exterminated. The swarming season for this kind of

big game is already open. Swat 'em now!

As a result of investigations by the City Bacteriologist, it has been discovered that the warm weather is already hatching flies. Trash and dirt brought from different parts of the city show pupae of the musca domestica in various stages of development. Usually the cold of winter prolongs the period of the dormant egg and prevents the early breeding of the millions of winged pests that make life miserable and spread disease.

To add to the distressing facts, the Bacteriologist points out that flies hatch at a much lower temperature than has been previously thought. Therefore, the number of flies that will survive through the winter will be very large, and as each one may have some billions of descendants, the only sure preventive is to kill the ancestors.

While such things are not easily estimated, it seems safe to say that the campaign against the fly waged last year did actually free the city from this pest to some extent. But however magnificent may be the assaults by Sarah Johnson and the Boy Scouts during the summer, they can make small headway against the excessive breeding rate of the fly. Health authorities declare that one fly killed now will reduce the final crop by a far greater number than can be swatted later on. The progress is not so spectacular, but more effective, for now it is simply a matter of cleanliness. The fly always breeds in manure, trash, garbage, or other filth. If the city and private premises can be cleaned and those nests destroyed, a large part of the problem is solved. This is one reason for a wider and more efficient street-cleaning system. It is also a reason for making the spring house-cleaning extend outdoors. Let us swat them wholesale.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE MEDICAL COLLEGE MERGER.
Two recent mergers of medical colleges, that of the Memphis Hospital Medical College with the medical department of the University of Tennessee at Memphis, and that at Richmond of the University College of Medicine with the Medical College of Virginia, cause the Journal of the American Medical Association to observe:

The merger of the medical schools of these two cities is bound to result, in each instance, in the development of a stronger and better medical service. Hereafter the splendid clinical facilities of each of these cities can be systematically utilized by the one school, while heretofore they were divided between the two. In each of these cities heretofore a large medical profession can work for the welfare of the one medical school, whereas heretofore there has been more or less rivalry between the two institutions and their supporters. Hereafter there can and should be a united effort to secure financial assistance from the cities in which these schools are located for the one institution which will doubtless deserve such aid. For the new schools it is to be hoped that the same local support, both financially and otherwise, will be secured from the people as at Louisville, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and other places where two or more schools have merged into one. Close contractual relations should be secured in each place from the city authorities, giving the new medical schools larger opportunities in the municipal hospitals and more control over the material. This will enable each school not only to perform better its functions of training physicians and of adding its quota to the world's knowledge of medicine, but also to render a better service to the community by furnishing the best possible care for the sick poor.

It must be obvious that the same general benefits which are reached through the operation of the device of combination in any field of human endeavor will be attained in the union of Richmond's two medical schools. The utilization of the principle of consolidation in non-technical education in Virginia has resulted in increased efficiency in every case, and there is no doubt that its application to technical schools will be as effective.

PRESIDENT TAFT AND IMMIGRATION.
The bill embodying an illiteracy test for the restriction of immigration will probably soon be presented to President Taft for his signature. According to the press dispatches, he has determined to have a hearing at the White House relative to the measure, and it is now predicted that it will meet with his veto.

It is to be hoped that this report is unfounded, for the Dillingham-Burnett bill, defective as it is in many particulars, would undoubtedly ameliorate existing economic and social conditions. It is generally conceded that a large measure of present-day industrial unrest is directly attributable to the deleterious effects of recent immigration. Housing conditions and congestion in our urban and industrial centers, with all their attendant evils, also largely arise from the same cause. By imposing a reasonable restriction upon immigration, it is expected that the pressure upon the native American and alien wage-earners who are already in our midst will be lessened, and that working and living conditions in industrial localities will be improved. This is the real intent of the pending legislation. There is no desire to restrict the entrance of any particular race, or to exclude those who are seeking a refuge from political and religious persecution. If President Taft wishes to improve the condition of the working masses he will give the Dillingham-Burnett bill his approval.

For the common or garden variety of demagoguery, Governor Coleman Livingston Blease of South Carolina leads the world. Instead of having the oath of office administered to him at his inaugural by the chief justice of the State Supreme Court, as is the immemorial custom, "the people's governor" to show his contempt for the tribunal, had himself sworn in by a backwoods justice of the peace.

"Eat what you like," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson, who loves to give advice that everybody will like to follow.

Oh, joy! they are making next season's baseball bats right here in Richmond. Move up that clock, and resurrect the office-boy's grandmother.

Rick ticks may own all the 'at' autos, but the 'at' autos have a corner on grease. One gallon may not make a summer, but it paves the way for an off week.

On the Spur of the Moment.
By Roy K. Moulton.

My Angeline.
I once adored a simple girl, her name was Angeline.
She was a pretty country miss, I wished she could be mine.
I took her to the huskin' bees and when I had a chance I put my arm around her waist and asked her for to dance.

She said them honeyed words to me that I can't now forget.
She made me think the moon, by jing, was made of full cream cheese.
She said she dearly loved to cook and bake and sew and scrub.
And then it was when some good friend should have hit me with a club.

As I have said, she was a simple miss, my Angeline.
That is to say, she was when she consented to be mine.
The wedding 'in' was beautiful, the music was immense.
For pain-in-law, he staged the thing regardless of expense.

As soon as we got married she forgot just how to cook.
But sat around all day and read an Agnes Fleming book.
She couldn't find the time to bake or sweep or sew or scrub.
I had to get a hired girl to rattle with the grub.

My Angeline, the country lass, is ketchin' on for fair.
She has to have a woman come each day and fix her hair.
She cannot trim her finger nails, she thought she can't endure.
And so three times a week she has to have a manicure.

She's got a lot of female help a-hanging around the place.
She's got a gal to hook her dress and one to rub her face.
I thought I'd picked a cheap help-meet, it is enough to vex.
Although she was a simple lass, she has grown quite complex.

From the Hickeyville Clarion.
Mrs. Anson Frisby, the leader of our smart set, is so high toned that she has French fried taters every meal. Anse says French fried taters is too sporty for him and he doesn't think they are just proper for a decent married man. During the flood Mrs. Frumjucky's wash tub washed away to parts unknown and the Prof. is in a tight place. He can't get her a new tub until she takes in enough washin' to buy one and she can't take in washin' until she gets the tub.

Judith, by the size of the checks they hand out as some of them sell cars down to the city they must think a feller has got an after-dinner mint concealed around his clothes.

There was a heavy frost last night. The silver cornet band gave a concert at Tibbitts' op'ry house. It must have been bad, for some of the people that had combs, stayed to hum. Mrs. Anson Frisby has got a changeable silk dress. I would hate to have a silk dress I couldn't change.

It don't pay to hoard money. William Tibbitts has carried one fifty cent piece around so long in his pants pocket that the eagle and the goddess of liberty is both worn off of it and it ain't worth but thirty-seven cents at the mint. Elmer Jones is now a finished musician. He met his finish when he tried to play a clarinet solo with the Silver Cornet band over to the meetin' at West Hickeyville last week and some one threw him a bouquet which had a small portion of a brick house concealed in it. Jed Frink, our popular, congenial, talented and versatile blacksmith, says his hard cider is froze up so tight he has to break it off with an ax when he wants any. He says he likes hard cider all right, but not when it's so hard he can't bite it.

Last time Bud Hicks was locked up in his sheet iron village jail somebody smuggled a can opener in to him, and he ain't been saw since around these parts. Constable Hand carries a pistol, but it ain't loaded. He says it is always the guns which ain't loaded that does the most damage, according to the newspapers. Mrs. Anson Frisby has got a new sectional book case so she can keep her books from all sections of the country.

Views of the Virginia Editors.
Orange As a Summer Resort.
The rigors of the sun-wrapped regions of the ice-bound North are inducing its citizens to seek sunnier climes, and we hope some can be persuaded to spend their winter months in the old town and learn something of the wonderful resources and magnificent capabilities of this God-favored and matchless section, they will be sure to invest their capital, and their developing that material wealth which now sleeps in sweet repose upon her folded bosom, but which would so easily awake at the very first touch of capital and thus cause our grand old town and county to be known to her real worth and importance, and thus enable her to ride in royal majesty along the highway of progress and improvement in her luxuriantly cushioned automobile. We feel very confident that were all of the attractions of Orange well advertised many people would be enticed to its warm and entrancing and profitable embrace, and that would be a good thing. We don't think we need say more of our delightful climate, our hospitable people, the abundant harvest and the many fine farms on every side. Yes, Orange is just as fine a winter resort as you will find anywhere. Come to Orange and invest your capital, and thus benefit yourselves as well as the town.—Orange Observer.

No, Thousands.
If talk could be converted into building material Virginia would have several hundred miles of permanent highways.—Warren Sentinel.

Getting Hot in the Collar.
The man who has an ice-house to fill, and no prospect of a "freeze" in sight, but mild weather every day, is getting a few degrees "warmer" than the weather.—Pittsylvania Tribune.

World at Large.
Unexampled Courage.
He was the small son of a bishop, and his mother was teaching him the meaning of courage.

"Supposing," said "there were twelve boys in one bedroom, and eleven got into bed at once, while the twelfth boy stayed up and said, 'that boy would show true courage.'"

"Oh," said the young hopeful, "I know something about that. Suppose there were twelve bishops in one bedroom, and one got into bed without saying his prayers!"—Truth Seeker.

William Rockefeller's Health.
William Rockefeller evidently could be subjected to an inquisition in Washington. He was asked what his physical condition was, which is already feeble to an unusual degree. The examining physician seems to be a man who has lost entirely his right voice, and who is afflicted with shaking palsy, and who had a pulse of 190 when examined, were better excused from testifying. A long examination is impossible. A short examination would not be particularly useful. The Rockefeller family is a financial past would be cruelly to one in his private state of health.—Springfield Republican.

Voice of the People.
Slough of Despond on Cary Street.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—As a reader of your paper and citizen and a taxpayer, I would like to be informed why it is that some of our city officials pay no attention to the cleanliness and comfort of the citizens.

That portion of Cary Street west of Harrison was paved last August. The street, as is the custom after being paved, was covered with a heavy coating of silver sand which has long since been ground to a dust. The street since being paved has never received any attention from the street cleaning department, having an accumulation of about six months of filth in wet weather making a veritable mud-hole; in dry weather when there is a slight breeze filling the homes and sidewalks with dust.

About a month ago the writer, by phoning called the attention of the street cleaning department to this condition, and was informed that nothing could be done without instructions from the City Engineer's office. I then called up the City Engineer in person, who promised that he would have it attended to at once. Nothing has yet been done. The crossing in front of my residence at this time is

Abe Martin

Which is the best way to write sixty-two and a half per cent, 62 1/2 per cent, or 62 1/2 per cent? O. G. T.

In correctness one style is quite as good as another. In practice the last is used.

Pound of Feathers.
Please tell me if a pound of feathers weighs the same as a pound of lead. T. G. NASH.

The "catch" in a question of a pound of lead is very old. Charles Reade, in his excellent story, "It's Never Too Late to Mend" (1837), is considered to have first suggested that feathers are weighed by a standard and lead by weight, and that in consequence, a pound of feathers is heavier than a pound of lead in the ratio of 175 to 144.

The Revelation.
Can you explain the matter of verse 2, chapter xxi, of Revelation. "And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Also can you say who the bride referred to in verse 2 of chapter xx, in Revelation. "And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years?" W. H. O.

Paraphrase of Aesop's Fable, "The Eagle and the Crow."
A crow once watched an eagle swoop down with nootic air.
From a high cliff that stood hard by, Upon a flock most fair.

Among the sheep there was a lamb, And he that his shepherd move.
And in his talons he carried it, To his eyrie in the rock.

The whole thing looked so easy, and so graceful, too, withal.
That said the crow unto himself, "That was no feat to call."

"For I can do the same, myself— I'll not take a lamb!"
And so he fled to the back of the largest, fattest, ram.

But then he found a burden quite, His prey he could not move.
He saw that his rash venture would, His own undoing prove.

His claws entangled in the fleece, He found himself held fast.
And when the shepherd came there was the helpless crow aghast.

The shepherd caught him, cut his wings, And carried him away.
And long his rash venture got the crow, A thing with which to play.

FRANK MONROE BEVERLY, Freeling.

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WOMAN ACCUSED OF KILLING HUSBAND

Sister of Slain Man Makes Charge on Which Arrest Is Made.

Cincinnati, Ohio, January 26.—Frank, alias "Dad" Minor, and Mrs. Freda Gill, wife of Louis Gill, who was found murdered at his home on Hodge Street, Newport, Ky., recently, were arrested early to-day on a charge of murder by Newport Detectives Sherman and Cottingham and Patrolmen Asplin and Hundermer and held without bond. The arrest was made on a warrant issued by Police Judge Buten after Kate Gill, a sister of the dead man, had sworn to an affidavit charging both the wife and Minor with the killing.

Minor and Mrs. Gill were located at the home of Mrs. Reuter, on West Eighth Street, in Newport, Ky., when the arrest was made, it was said the couple were getting ready to leave town.

They were placed on separate floors of the jail and will be kept apart until after they are taken to court. Under orders from Lieutenant Lieberth, Edward Eppler, son of Mrs. Gill, was taken to the police headquarters. It is believed that the boy, who is fourteen years old, can shed some light on the case.

Gill Had Asked For Aid.
On the night before Gill's body was found, apparently brutally murdered, the man had approached persons, asking if they had seen a policeman. He said that he wanted an officer to come to his home and make Minor leave there. He was advised to go home, as he had been drinking.

Later Minor, whose nose was bleeding at the time, sought the police, saying that Mrs. Gill wanted an officer to come to the house and compel her husband to leave.

The next morning Mrs. Gill reported that she had found her husband dead. Bruises were found on his breast, and Coroner Digby, after a post-mortem examination, found that there was a blood clot between the brain and skull on the left side of the head and that death was due to cerebral hemorrhage. Both Minor and Mrs. Gill claim that they are innocent.

Suspect Has Bad Record.
The coroner's statement that the man, in an alcoholic, delayed the police somewhat, as they paid no attention to the case until the blood clot was found. Minor has served a term of years in the Kentucky State penitentiary. He was a member of the gang which assaulted Bertha Gleason in Newport some years ago.

It is alleged that he was a frequent visitor at the Gill home. Gill and Minor have had numerous quarrels in which Gill's wife is said to have taken the side of Minor. The police think that there was a quarrel Tuesday night and that Gill was murdered.

STATE CONFERENCE OPENS AT DANVILLE

Charities and Corrections Organization Begins Three Days' Session.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
Danville, Va., January 26.—The State Conference of Charities and Corrections, an organization of business, scientific and philanthropic forces, formed to sustain the work being done by the State Board of Charities and Corrections, opened here in this city this morning for a three days series of meetings.

There were not any regular business meetings held to-day, it being Sunday, but seven men prominent in the work occupied as many pulpits in the city churches during the day, and addressed the congregations upon the work accomplished by the State Board, and upon its aims and ambitions.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon there was a mass meeting held in the Young Men's Christian Association auditorium, when an address on the subject of "The State Board of Charities and Corrections," will be made by Dr. L. L. Lumsden, a well known scientist, detailed by Sergeant General Robert Blue. Dr. Allen Taylor, of which Hon. W. W. Baker of Chesterfield, veteran member of the House of Delegates of Virginia, responded on behalf of the association. Mr. Freeman took for his theme, "The New Social Consciousness and the State Board of Charities and Corrections," a thoughtful and instructive address.

The program of the services at the several churches to-day was as follows: First Baptist Church, Dr. Freeman; Methodist Memorial Baptist Church, Dr. James Buchanan of Richmond.

BOTH GRANTING AND ENTERING PERMITS

Division of Authority Between Committee and Board Not Yet Defined.

The Council Committee on Streets will meet this afternoon at 3 o'clock. Among the matters to be discussed will be an effort more clearly to define the exact boundaries of authority between the committee and the board. While in larger matters the difference in powers and duties is already well understood, in some smaller matters there is confusion, especially in the granting of permits to stand on the sidewalk. As a result of the confusion, the Council Committee and the Administrative Board have been granting pole permits, permissions for areaways and projecting bay windows over street lines, and similar uses of public thoroughfares, without a clear understanding of where the committee's authority stops and that of the board begins. There has been some comment over the frequency with which the Administrative Board has been obstructed from stumping over such an obstruction on public streets, the barbers paying no special tax for this use of the public street for advertisement of their private business.

The old Street Committee granted a number of such permits, though at times the chairman ruled that they required Council action, since the city would be liable in event of any injury from stumbling over such an obstruction. It is a matter of record that the Council in one instance refused to grant a barber pole permit on a crowded thoroughfare, notwithstanding the fact that the location was surrounded by show-cases projecting three feet into a narrow thoroughfare.

It is freely predicted that the discussion will end in the introduction of an ordinance giving to the Administrative Board the general authority to grant pole and show-case permits under certain restrictions, and forbidding altogether any obstruction beyond the property line in the business sections of Broad and Main Streets, and widening the sidewalks of those thoroughfares by giving the public the use of the sections now granted by the city to individual merchants for their private business.

HAD FUN WITH BICYCLE.
According to young Masie's story, the two negroes pelted him with rocks, and taking the bicycle away from him, rode it up and down the road until they were tired of the sport. Then they threw the wheel down at his feet and skipped. He furnished the officers with a description of his assailants, and the arrest of Burton and Page followed.

Magistrate A. M. Foizey admitted the negroes to bail yesterday afternoon, and will hear their defense at 11 o'clock this morning.

NEGROES CHARGED WITH ASSAULTING SON OF E. C. MASIE AND STEALING WHEEL.
Upon complaint of Eugene C. Masie, of 412 East Grace Street, James Burton and William Page, both colored, were arrested yesterday by county officers on the charge of assaulting Mr. Masie's young son while the latter was riding a bicycle Saturday afternoon on the Yellow Tavern Turnpike.

According to young Masie's story, the two negroes pelted him with rocks, and taking the bicycle away from him, rode it up and down the road until they were tired of the sport. Then they threw the wheel down at his feet and skipped. He furnished the officers with a description of his assailants, and the arrest of Burton and Page followed.

Magistrate A. M. Foizey admitted the negroes to bail yesterday afternoon, and will hear their defense at 11 o'clock this morning.

QUERIES & ANSWERS.
Philadelphia Paper.
Please name for me some good daily paper in Philadelphia.

The Philadelphia Record, Philadelphia, Pa., is address enough.

Ice Cream.
Please state what has been the lowest temperature in Richmond in the past winter. When was the delivery of milk in bottles begun in this city? L. Three degrees below zero, February 16, 1899. In the fall of 1908. The arrangement on the part of the dairymen was a voluntary one, and not made in obedience to any municipal regulation. Hence no one seems able to fix the date more exactly than as above.

Small Choice.
Which is the best way to write sixty-two and a half per cent, 62 1/2 per cent, or 62 1/2 per cent? O. G. T.

In correctness one style is quite as good as another. In practice the last is used.

Pound of Feathers.
Please tell me if a pound of feathers weighs the same as a pound of lead. T. G. NASH.

The "catch" in a question of a pound of lead is very old. Charles Reade, in his excellent story, "It's Never Too Late to Mend" (1837), is considered to have first suggested that feathers are weighed by a standard and lead by weight, and that in consequence, a pound of feathers is heavier than a pound of lead in the ratio of 175 to 144.

The Revelation.
Can you explain the matter of verse 2, chapter xxi, of Revelation. "And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Also can you say who the bride referred to in verse 2 of chapter xx, in Revelation. "And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years?" W. H. O.

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